of the War. Of one thing I felt certain—the official military clique here and in France had a down on him. He was to them a political general, which simply meant that leading politicians believed in him. Better be a friend of publicans and sinners than of politicians. To French Headquarters he was therefore a more dangerous foe than Von Kluck. A general who is not in favour with Headquarters has a poorer chance than a politician who is not acceptable to the Party Whips. The obnoxious politician can appeal to the public and thus make himself such a menace that it is safer to conciliate than to crush him; but for a soldier to appeal to any lay tribunal against either the strategy or the competency of his superiors is in itself an offence against professional canons which stamps him as an outsider.

Before I met Sarrail in Rome I had taken my opinions concerning him from official sources, qualified by the eulogies passed upon him by M. Albert Thomas and M. Painleve. I knew Thomas to be a shrewd judge of men as well as of affairs, and I was therefore quite prepared to find that Sarrail was not the flashy adventurer who subordinated tactics to politics. But I was not quite prepared for the attractive and magnetic personality to whom I was introduced at the Rome Conference.

He was an exceptionally handsome man, with a high forehead, a glittering blue eye, a

genial accost and a direct, intelligent and quiet manner of answering all the questions put to him about Salonika.

He demanded a free hand to anticipate the Greek move by an invasion of Greece and an attack on the Royal Army. To this I refused British assent. I was not prepared to allow action which might result in an outbreak of hostilities with the Greek population,